



Baking Day
is an easy day for the
woman who uses a
Glenwood Range
"Makes Cooking Easy"

Ask the Woman who uses one
Reynolds & Son, Barre
Ask the Woman who uses one

A Quick Wooing

By F. A. MITCHEL

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Summer was ended; autumn was dying. A gentleman entered a cemetery, called to one of the workmen employed there, led him to a grave and directed him to take up certain plants that needed to be housed in winter. The matter having been attended to, the gentleman started to walk to the gate and thence to go home.

The day had been dreary, but suddenly a soft red glow spread over the city of the dead. The gentleman stopped. A short distance down the avenue on which he was walking, at a point where it entered another avenue, he saw in a lot inclosed by an iron fence a young woman in deep mourning kneeling beside a grave. Her face was lowered so that he could not see it, at least not a part of it, and the hands were clasped in an attitude of prayer. The picture was tinged by the heavenly light that came from the setting sun.

How often and by what singular incidents are revolutions effected in us! This man had buried his wife two years before and had buried with her, so he thought, his heart. He had since met women by the dozens who would have been left vacant, not one of them had appealed to him in the slightest. Perhaps there was that in all of them which jarred upon his relations with the dead. They seemed to him to be of the world, while he was bound to one who was not of the world. In the picture before him he saw a counterpart of his own condition. It was life, but life reaching out for another existence—a link of sympathy by which he might regain his hold upon that chain of human affections which is changing throughout our lives.

He went on, but stopped again, this time within a short distance of the mourner. There, uncovering, he stood, his head bowed, his hands crossed before him, his whole attitude bespeaking reverence till the prayer was finished and the lady rose from her knees. Then for the first time she saw a man standing with head bowed so low that he was evidently not aware that she had finished her prayer. She announced the fact by a slight cough.

"Madam," said the gentleman, putting on his hat, "I am sorry to have intruded at a moment when it seems that the world should leave you absolutely alone that you may commune with one who has gone before you. Having intruded, I could but act as I would were I in a temple consecrated to the communion between the quick and the dead."

"I am touched, I assure you, with your reverence and your sensibility to our most sacred feelings. You must be one who has suffered."

Her face, being turned toward him, showed one of those especially feminine faces in which Italian artists for centuries have been striving to portray the mother of God. And above her brow was something which to the observer took the place of a Madonna's celestial circlet. It was a widow's cap.

When November is fading into its successor, December, the night comes on apace. The red light in the west died and seemed to take with it all that was left of the day.

"Madam," pursued the gentleman, "it is quite a walk to the cemetery entrance, and the twilight is already gone. I beg of you to permit me to see you at least to a carriage."

"One whose delicacy of feeling I have so recently witnessed may see me anywhere," replied the lady.

And so this man who had not lowered the head that he had put on his hat for his dead wife two years before by a single inch walked beside the lady in her spotless widow's cap for nearly a mile, each too reverential of the other's feelings even to mention the bereavement that had brought them to the cemetery. When they reached the gate it was quite dark. The gentleman called a carriage, put the lady into it and, being invited to enter, did so and rode to her home.

Here were two people both of whom were living for the dead because they needed something to break the current that held them under its control. What no beauty in shining silk could do for the man this woman in somber black and under a widow's cap had done for him. What no other man could do for

this woman this one by a single act, indicating that he knew her feelings and sympathized with them, did for her. Nor was it something to grow between them. It was instantaneous. Each had long been needing a break from an unnatural brooding, and when the break came both grasped for it eagerly.

It was quite dark when they drew up before the lady's home. "I feel so indebted to you," she said, "that I wish you to come in, even if for a moment." He feared he would intrude. He was urged and gave way. He went into the house, remained to dinner and passed the evening. When he left it was midnight, but he departed with a lighter heart than that with which he had entered.

Spring came, but the usual vernal planting that these two had remembered for years was forgotten. There were flowers, but they were not laid on graves. They were orange blossoms, and they covered the robe the widow wore to her bridal. In the groom's buttonhole was a single cypressanthemum.

His Vote.

He will not cast his vote to-day.
For any crook or worthless wretch;
He will not have to ask which way
To mark or fold his ballot right.

He will not have a single doubt
Concerning any candidate;
His vote will keep no good men out,
Nor help a rogue to rob the state.

Yet it, in truth, should not be thought
That wisdom guides him—'tis for her!—
He will not vote as he should not,
Because he failed to register.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Famous French Actress
Making Tour of Country.



Is the Tuberculosis Crusade Losing Ground?

Despite all the efforts being made by advocates of fresh air and egg-and-milk treatment, the number of new cases has not been noticeably decreased.

Write to us and ask to be referred to Clergymen, Priests, men and women who are skeptical investigators, and are today well and strong without a trace of tuberculosis—proven so by physicians. Some of them took the Alterative 10 years ago when doctors said they would not live to weeks.

Could anything be fairer to yourself and those who love you and would do anything to restore you to health? If you are skeptical investigate us, our medicine, our advertised statements. Write to those who have sent in affidavits and testimonials telling how Eckman's Alterative cured them. Here is one:

3223 Girard Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen: In the winter of 1902 I had an attack of Grippe, followed by Pneumonia and later by Consumption. I grew steadily worse. In the winter of 1904 I had cough, night sweats, fever and raised quantities of awful looking stuff and later, I had many hemorrhages; at one time, three in three successive days. Milk and eggs became so distasteful I could keep nothing down. Three physicians treated me. I was ordered to the mountains, but did not go. Eckman's Alterative was recommended by a friend. After taking a small quantity I had the first quiet night's sleep for weeks. My improvement was marked from the first. I gained strength and weight and appetite. I never had another hemorrhage and my cough gradually lessened until entirely gone. I am perfectly well. Everything I say here can be verified by my family and friends.

(Signed) Adahvi) Annie Floyd Loughran, Eckman's Alterative cures Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Affections. Ask for booklet of cured cases and write to the Eckman Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence. For Sale by all leading druggists and Burt H. Wells in Barre, Vt.

In Woman's Realm.

Sixteen hundred women are working as laborers on the construction of the Debalzevo Scherovka extension railroad in Odessa.

Silver may be cleaned and brightened by letting it stand half an hour in sour milk. Whiting is also good for this, as it will not scratch the articles.

If a turkey or chicken is rubbed inside and out with lemon, it will make the meat white, juicy and tender.

Towels that have been embroidered with initials and monograms should have embroidered borders also. These may be straight or scalloped, and should be embroidered in such designs as will show, aster, forget-me-not and trefoil patterns and conventionalized wreaths, bow knots and flowers. Towels, sheets or pillow cases thus embroidered are a joy forever and a priceless gift to the particular and beauty-loving housewife.

Housewives' Business Pointers.

The packing house horrors and the adulterations in foods will be abolished when women co-operate with the government actively in this regard.

Women are daily cheated by false weights and measures. Don't take losses for granted. Test it with standard weights and a yardstick.

Leisure is a good thing, but if a woman is saved time from food preparation only to waste it in bridge whist, she has lost by the arrangement and all society loses.

A morning over the washboard isn't especially easy or pleasant, but it's better than spending it in gossip that leaves the bad taste in the mouth.

The average even poor family throws away daily what would feed another of the same size. It is as senseless to throw the contents of the pantry into the garbage can as to deliberately cast real money into the street.

"Mrs. Eleanor F. Haworth of Seattle is the oldest student attending the university of Washington. She is 59 years old, and is taking a graduate course in English literature and modern languages, preparing for a master of arts degree. Mrs. Haworth has a son, who is a junior in the school of mines of the same university." The above article, clipped from an exchange, is a good example of the freedom of the American people. Doubtless it took some courage for a middle-aged woman to enter a school where the youth of the land were toiling for honors, but if she craved the knowledge she felt she lacked, she is to be thought the more highly of for making the effort to attain it.

Fair Play Makes Happy Marriages.

I thought so old a joke as "how to be happy though married" would have slipped past my readers when I used it a few days ago, but on the morning's mail comes a sincere little note from a woman evidently not too happily married, with an earnest request that I tell her and the "many other readers" who need this kind of help how to be happy, though married.

There is only one secret—it is the secret of marriage, either; it is the secret of all life, and that is fair play.

It is true that both husband and wife must play fair and that the failure of either to do so puts the hindering wedge in happiness, but the failure of both to do so means a condition of absolute misery.

Fair play is encountered less often among married folks than in any other relation in communistic life. It is a miserable truth that men and women who would seem to delude, cheat or deceive a fellow being, perform with the utmost calmness little acts of petty deception toward each other that would brand them as incorrigibles if they were younger and under discipline.

I have known men who never lie to their business associates, their friends or any of their relatives, invent excuses for their wives which would put Ananias to blush.

I have known women who would not even notice a friend's delinquency in keeping an appointment, row like a sea-monger with their husbands over a trifling neglect or disappointment.

I cannot believe—all the joke writers notwithstanding—that women really go through their husband's pockets and take money from them, but women frequently read their husband's letters. Really, I cannot see much difference; one is stealing, the other sneakily contemplating, and both are prison offenses in some states.

Any man who punishes to the limit of the law a man or another woman who did either, yet the wife does it and goes unscathed.

I have known men to drink to excess and beat their wives shamefully—and escape punishment. That is not fair play in married life.

I have known women to rob the grocery bill and spend the proceeds for things of which their husbands disapproved. This is not fair play.

I know men who allow their business to encroach on their home life until they need letters of introduction when they

LADY HARCOURT.

Niece of J. P. Morgan Active
In London Court Circles.



come home, and I have known women to be late with every meal they cook for weeks at a time. Neither of these performances are fair play.

And these people are not happily married.

They may seem to be, but they are jarring elements at work, which do not make for the peace and the sweetness and the refreshing qualities of a really happily married home.

Fair play means a different set of rules for nearly every couple, but no intelligent man or woman will miss them if he or she tries to find them.

If wives treated their husbands half as well as they treated other people, and if men were only half as nice to their wives as they are to their friends, fair play would nestle like a dove on many a home, which now resembles a young Vesuvius.—Exchange.

Dorothy Dexter.

POLICE "BLACK UP" AS NEGROES TO MAKE RAID

Wear Loud Clothes and "Diamonds" and Carry Cans, Surprising Real Blacks and Arresting Nine.

Boston, Nov. 28.—Skillfully "blackened up" with burnt cork to represent negroes and sporting loud clothes, "diamond" studs and canes, Sergis, C. B. McCloskey and John E. Hughes, with a squad of patrolmen, also "colored" for the occasion, made a gambling raid early Saturday at No. 118 Dartmouth street. The "vaudeville" stunt was resorted to only after several ineffectual efforts had been made to catch a certain crowd of alleged violators of the law.

The play ceased when the officers entered. Finally, one man said, "Ain't you all cops?"

"We are," replied Serg. McCloskey, "and we have a warrant to search these premises."

The search proceeded and playing cards and several sets of dice were seized. Nine men were then arrested.

A Great Invention.

Vance—I think Ferdie ranks with Edison as an inventor and benefactor of man.

Luella—What did he invent?

Vance—He invented a device to prevent cigarette papers from blowing away in a strong breeze.—Scraps.

THE GREATEST

results in cases of weak digestion are obtained from SCOTT'S EMULSION because when ordinary foods do not digest, it provides the needed nourishment in highly concentrated form.

Scott's Emulsion is so easily digested that its strength is rapidly absorbed by the youngest babe or most delicate adult.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the food that strengthens the race. ALL DRUGGISTS.

TAFT IN DOUBT ABOUT TARIFF

Has Not Made Up His Mind About Features

OF HIS COMING MESSAGE

Tariff Board Not Ready to Report—President Will Probably Send Special Message When It Does—Sees Emery and Cannon.

Washington, Nov. 28.—President Taft was reported at Washington Saturday as not having finally made up his mind with regard to the tariff features of his forthcoming message to Congress. He had a long conference Saturday with chairman H. C. Emery of the tariff board, and talked also with a delegation from the national tariff commission association. There is a pretty general impression at Washington that Mr. Taft will be unable to recommend the revision of any particular schedule of the tariff in his regular message. He probably will indicate that the tariff board is not yet ready to submit a detailed report on any one of the schedules. And until the board is able to submit data upon which an absolutely scientific revision can be made, the president will recommend that any action whatsoever on the tariff shall be deferred. The board may be in a position soon to report detailed facts concerning some one schedule.

Just as soon as he is made aware of this, there is every likelihood that the president will send a special message to Congress embodying the report and recommending the desirability of such action. Mr. Taft is especially interested in schedule K—wool. He was disappointed that this schedule was not revised in the Payne-Aldrich law. Even if schedule K can be reported by the tariff board during the coming short session, doubt is expressed at Washington if final action could be reached in the Senate. Mr. Taft is opposed to calling an extra session, for he has been informed that the Democrats are proposing a complete revision, and he thinks such action would upset business conditions throughout the country.

Speaker Cannon and Representative Mann of Illinois were among the callers at the White House Saturday. The speaker dropped in to pay his respects to the president and was with him but a few moments. Asked what the legislative outlook for the short session was, the speaker began to sing: "Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye, and strolled out of doors. The delegation from the national tariff commission association, which called upon the president, included John C. Cobb of Boston, Charles M. Jarvis of New Britain, Conn., Alva B. Johnson of Philadelphia, John Kerby, jr., of Dayton, O., H. W. Miles of Racine, Wis., and Henry R. Towne, S. C. Meade and Henry T. Willis, all of New York.

George Warrington of Chicago was appointed Saturday by President Taft as chief naval constructor of the lighthouse service, at \$4,900 a year.

CRIPPEN'S LAST NOTE TO GIRL.

Protested Innocence and Swore He Loved Ethel.

London, Nov. 28.—The last statement of Dr. Crippen, who was hanged on Nov. 23 at Pentonville prison, is published in a Sunday paper in the form of two final letters, written to Ethel Levene, one of which is dated Nov. 22. The letters, which are printed as one, begin with protestations of passionate love for the girl and repeat constantly the phrase: "God help us to be brave in the face of the end now so near."

Crippen continues: "How can I endure to take a last look at your dear face? What agony must I go through at last when you disappear forever from my eyes! I am comforted in thinking that throughout years of friendship never have I passed one unkind word or given one reproachful to her whom I loved best in life, to whom I have given myself, heart and soul, wholly, entirely, forever."

Crippen asks that Miss Levene have his body cremated, and if possible obtain the ashes and dispose of them as she deems best. He complains that his statement, published on Nov. 20, omitted her criticisms of the crown's evidence, with reference to the war, which he considered most important, and proceeds exhaustively to analyze the evidence on these points. He asks that Miss Levene go to no further expense in trying to secure further evidence, adding:

"I can safely leave further evidence to a just God."

He expresses the hope that Miss Levene will go to Mrs. "H" where she will be free from the lying tales of the newspaper men, and concludes:

"To-morrow I will be in God's hands. I have perfect faith that he will let my spirit be with you always."

The paper prints a facsimile of Crippen's last, bequeathing everything to Miss Levene.

TORN FROM BRIDE TO DIE IN SEA.

Huge Wave Washes Husband Over Side of Steamer.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 28.—As he was returning with his bride from his honeymoon trip Saturday, Robert Tupper of Round Head was washed overboard from the Yarmouth and drowned in the bay of Fundy.

He and a number of the passengers were standing on the main deck watching the waves which, driven by a heavy northeast wind, were lashing the side of the steamer and breaking over her bows, when the vessel gave a sudden lurch and Tupper went over the side.

Harold Warner of Digby, another passenger, was knocked down by the lurching of the steamer, and he was washed along the deck, striking against the rail and dislocating his shoulder.

As soon as Tupper was seen to go over the rail, the steamer was stopped and seamen were ordered to the rigging to keep a lookout for the man, but no sign of him was seen, and the seas were running so high that it was useless to attempt to launch a small boat to search.

Tupper and his bride boarded the steamer at Digby.

"She uses Lenox Soap"

That is pretty good evidence of a woman's qualifications as a housekeeper.

It shows that she knows values.

For it is a fact that Lenox Soap is good value—it is cheap AND good.



FARMING IS NOT SO EASY

Fallacy of Thinking Any Fool Can Make Money At It

EXPLAINED BY EXPERT

"Nearly Everyone Who Knows Nothing About It Thinks He Can Farm," Says F. D. Coburn—A Mistaken View.

New York, Nov. 28.—"Who may go back to the soil? Nearly everyone who knows nothing about it thinks he can farm," recently said F. D. Coburn, Kansas secretary of agriculture, the author of such convincingly titled books as "The Beef Steer and His Sister," "The Hog's Happy Habitat," "The Helpful Hen," "Cow Culture," "The Horse Useful," "The Where of Wheat" and "Alfalfa's Affinity"—the agricultural genius who has been described as the most useful citizen of Kansas, in which state he has worked as a "hired hand" on a farm, as well as having declined an appointment as United States senator.

"Nearly everyone who knows nothing about it," he said, "thinks that about all that is necessary to success is the injecting of some seeds into the ground in the gentle springtime, with the result that he has but to garner a rich harvest in the mellow days of autumn. A more mistaken view could scarcely be possible."

"I think no greater disaster could come to the masses in the cities than to dump them out on the farms. I cannot offer the masses, as they average, any hope in farming. All these people have in the main come as near finding their groove as they ever will. Most of this 'back to the soil' talk we hear is based on the ridiculous and wholly untenable theory entertained by so many dreamers philanthropically inclined, that 'any fool can be a farmer,' or that a man, however incapable of caring for a family or otherwise, would make a living, if not a competence, by farming, when, as a matter of fact, success in the business of agriculture requires as much brains, thought, industry and perseverance, physical strength and length of hours as are necessary in any other pursuit. To win in

agriculture, a man must have a talent for it, and if he has talent he can, unless entirely a misfit, win in the city and perhaps have from year to year more congenial surroundings, more comforts, a third less hours of labor and far less exposure.

"Proper ploughing is a technical thing. The right kind of ploughing is pretty near as technical as the right kind of bookkeeping. In three or four days, of course, a man could learn to muck the surface of the soil a little, but what he would do would scarcely be called ploughing."

"Every day people write me about coming to Kansas, and want to know the best place or the best county in which to locate. I never advise—I can't. I know about these counties, but I don't know you. I don't know your temperament, whether you are industrious, lazy, ambitious, patient and persevering, whether you are properly balanced, or perhaps a woe-do-well. My answer always is: 'It doesn't depend on the county, the locality; it depends on the man, and you are a stranger to me; so I am unable to advise you.' There are some people who might be dropped down into the garden of Eden, with everything at hand, and within five years they would be ousted by the sheriff. There are others who could drop naked into the heart of Sahara and in five years would have the desert producing every luxury and themselves surrounded with all modern conveniences.

"The suburban acre plan is a capital idea. Raise some chickens, milk a cow or two, have a garden—and hold on to your job; the acre fellow is likely to expand and become a real farmer.

"Normal and natural gravitation from the town to the country is a wholesome and healthful movement, all the time to be rationally encouraged, but any sudden and considerable exodus of people unprepared and unequipped for the uncountable vicissitudes they could encounter in unfamiliar country employments would mean nothing short of catastrophe."

Report of the London Fur Sales, October 26, 27, 28, 1910.

Raccoon, 10 per cent. lower than last March; opossum, 10 per cent. higher than last March; marten, same as last March; skunk, 10 per cent. lower than last March; cat, civet, 20 per cent. lower than last March; mink, 15 per cent. lower than last March; fox, gray, 40 per cent. lower than last March; bear, black, 10 per cent. lower than last March; brown, 10 per cent. lower than last March; muskrat, 30 per cent. lower than last January; muskrat, black, same as last January; beaver, 10 per cent. lower than last January; lynx, 10 per cent. lower than last March; otter, 20 per cent. lower than last March; red fox, 15 per cent. lower than last March; wild cat, 50 per cent. lower than last March; house cat, same as last March; badger, 40 per cent. lower than last March. As published by Brightman Bros.

Ceresota Flour

makes the bread for the whole-some meal.



The Famous Rayo

The Lamp with Diffused Light

should always be used where several people sit, because it does not strain the eyes of those sitting far from it.

The Rayo Lamp is constructed to give the maximum diffused white light. Every detail that increases its light-giving value has been included.

The Rayo is a low-priced lamp. You may pay \$5, \$10 or even \$20 for other lamps and get a more expensive container—but you cannot get a better light than the Rayo gives.

This season's Rayo has a new and strengthened burner. A strong, durable shade-holder keeps the shade on firm and true. Easy to keep polished, as it is made of solid brass, finished in nickel.

Once a Rayo User, Always One.

Dealers Everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

